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LOVE AND DUTY.

A MELO-DRAMA OF THE MEXICAN WAR.

IN FOUR ACTS.



BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM

AND

TOM W. KING.



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SCENES.

ACT I. A Parlor in Colonel Delafield's New York home.

ACT II. SCENE 1st. A forest set in 2. SCENE 2d. A Mexican camp.

ACT III. SCENE 1st. A forest set in 2. SCENE 2d. Interior of Mexican Hacienda.

ACT IV. An American camp.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

COLONEL DORSEY DELAFIELD, of the U. S. Army.

CAPTAIN LEON VALIENTE, of the Mexican Army.

ANTONIO DALLAS. An adventurer.

O'MALLEY O'GORMAN O'TOOLE, Colonel Delafield's Irish servant.

CAPTAIN SPENCER DUNN. U. S. Army.

LIEUTENANT RALPH HERBERT. U. S. Army.

SERGEANT MAHONE. U. S. Army.

CORPORAL OTTO. U. S. Army.

BARTON. A Courier.

LOIS DELAFIELD, the Colonel's daughter.

TIZI DESMYTHE. A maid of the Times.

GRACE MORTIMER. A friend of Lois.

VERDINE PACHUCHA. A Mexican Gypsy.

Soldiers, Guerillas, Vivandieres.

COSTUMES.

COL. DELAFIELD. 1st Act, Undress uniform ; 3d Act, same ; 4th Act, full dress uniform.

VALIENTE. 1st Act, walking suit ; 2d Act, Mexican Major ; 3d Act, same, with American cap and cloak ; 4th Act, Mexican Major.

DALLAS. 1st Act, walking suit ; 2d and 4th Acts, Guerilla Chief.

O'MALLEY. 1st Act, Livery, afterwards semi-military.

OFFICERS and non-commissioned officers in uniform, COURIER, riding dress.

MISS DELAFIELD. 1st Act, carriage dress ; 3d Act, summer costume ; 4th Act, Riding habit, hair flowing, whip in hand.

MISS MORTIMER. 1st Act, Parlor toilette ; 3d Act, *neglige* summer costume ; 4th Act, walking suit.

TIZI. 1st Act, pretty maid's attire, French cap, etc. ; 3d Act, out-door dress ; 4th Act, same as 3d with hat on.

VERDINE. 2d Act, Scene 1st, handsome Gypsy costume ; scene 2d, Old Gypsy Queen ; 4th Act, old Gypsy costume.

PROPERTIES.

1st Act, Colonel's cloak and cap for O'MALLEY ; piano cover for piano ; needle and thread and duster for TIZI ; gold piece for DALLAS ; letters and papers ; large envelope with seal, for O'MALLEY.

2d Act, bridles, saddles, ropes, cards, blankets, pot and gypsey sticks for Mexican camp ; small keg or canteens, tray to swing on shoulders, drum and sticks, tea and cakes, Mexican flag, for Vivandieres ; knives for Mexicans ; wand for VERDINE ; map for DALLAS ; gold for VALIENTE.

Act 3, scene 1, American cloak, cap and leggins for VALIENTE. Scene 2, paper. pens, ink, guitar.

Act 4, Bottle for O'MALLEY ; two official envelopes for COURIER ; riding whip and official envelope for LOIS ; rope for tying VALIENTE's hands ; flag with halliards, sword for VALIENTE ; orders for HERBERT ; gold for COLONEL DELAFIELD.

ACT I.

Curtain rises on handsome parlor scene, in home of Colonel Delafield. Piano L., sofa R., etc. Tizi discovered in parlor arranging her hair before mirror.

TIZI:—Now O'Malley says that I am a beauty, and I'm not the one to contradict him—not I. And it's a fine soldier he'll make if he goes to the war and I'll have a chance to sing of him—[Dusting furniture and singing]

My Laddie Boy is a Soldier, a Soldier, a Soldier,

My Laddie Boy is a Soldier, a gallant Soldier Boy!

(Air: "The Bells go a-ringing for Sairy.")

Everything is war, war, war, now and there is no peace anywhere. Heigh-ho! I only hope they won't kill my ooley, wooley Tooley. If anything should happen to him it would break my heart and he knows it, he knows it, without one word from me. Ah! as the folks are away from home, methinks I'll sing a song.

[Seats herself at piano and plays and sings. Air, "Marching through Georgia."]

How my heart would flutter, if he should go to war!

How my salty tears would flow as they never flowed before!

How my darling soldier boy would wade in pools of gore,

If he should join the army!

Oh, my! oh dear, oh me! oh my! oh dear!

I'd cry! I'd sigh! both night and day I fear!

And weep, and weep, and weep, and weep, oh, many a briny tear,

If—he should join the army!

Enter O'MALLEY O'GORMAN O'TOOLE, wearing the Colonel's cap and cape.

O'M.:—H-h-h-em!

TIZI:—Gracious! The Colonel! [Springs hurriedly from the piano stool and begins dusting vigorously.]

O'M.:—[Throwing aside cape and cap and holding them in his hand and over his arm.] Ha! ha! Tizi, Tizi, I deceived you that time!

TIZI:—Oh! it's only you, old shamrock, ever green.

O'M.,—*Only* me, darlin', an' aint I enough? Luk at me; aint this a foine figger of a man!

TIZI:—A fine figure for a cigar store! A wooden man, you mean.

O'M.:—An' would ye be placin' me wid the injun naygurs that shtand wid their tummyhawks raised, darin' the sons of ould Tipperary to welt 'em wid a shillalah!

TIZI:—[Coaxingly] O'Malley, are you brave enough to be a soldier?

O'M.:—[Straightening up] Brave is it?

TIZI:—[Mysteriously] Yes, for there's blood on the moon.

O'M.:—[Looks for moon] Sure, you are after poking fun at me, you delutherin' little descendant of Mother Eve!

TIZI:—Oh no! I'm in earnest about your bravery and wish to ask you if you were hemmed in (dramatically) by towering precipices on both sides of you, behind you was a fathomless abyss, in front of you a hundred thousand savages, sweeping down to destroy and eat you and your command; what would you do?

O'M.:—Fwat w'ud I do! Faith, and I'd do as the officers do in time of war.

TIZI:—And what is that, pray?

O'M.:—Resign!

TIZI:—Resign?

O'M.:—Yis. That's what officers are for. Whenever there's a war the privates have to go—they can't help it; the officers can resign.

TIZI:—Then we'll have to make you an officer, O'Malley, if we have war with Mexico.

O'M.:—An' maybe ye think I c'udn't drill the byes! Take your broom an' come to a carry arms; that's right. Presint arms! Carry arms! Charge bag'nets! For-r-r-rwar-r-rd, double-quick, march! Murther, there's the bell! [Bell rings outside at command "March!" O'M runs off, Tizi chasing him. Exit O'M.]

TIZI:—[As O'M. runs out, hurries to door and listens a moment, and then runs back, takes piano cover and pretends to sew.] It is Mr. Dallas; now what does he want, coming here so often; I'll just wait a minute and get a good look at him and maybe—

Enter DALLAS.

TIZI:—Oh, excuse me, sir, but I was just going out with this cover to mend it when the bell rang.

DALLAS:—No excuses, my pretty girl, none are needed.

TIZI:—Didn't that stupid Irishman tell you that Miss Lois was out, sir?

DALLAS:—Yes. but as I wished to see Miss Mortimer I came in and O'Malley has gone to tell her I am here.

TIZI:—Then I will go and see that he delivers your message correctly. [Going.]

DALLAS:—One moment, my girl. Do you know American gold when you see it?

TIZI:—Sometimes, sir.

DALLAS:—[Handing her a gold piece.] Then take this as a keepsake.

TIZI:—[Curtesying] Oh! Thank you, sir.

DALLAS:—Now, for value received, what can you offer me?

TIZI:—What do you wish to know, sir?

DALLAS:—I see you understand, and I believe that I can depend on you, so will be frank. In the first place, how does Capt. Valiente stand in this house?

TIZI:—He stands head, sir.

DALLAS:—Just as I supposed and I am glad of it, for Valiente is a good fellow and deserves success. But what does Miss Lois think of him?

TIZI:—I believe that she thinks more of him than of anyone else in the world.

DALLAS:—Then she is going to marry him?

TIZI:—If he asks her to I think she will.

DALLAS:—He'll do that—never fear; but now about Miss Mortimer?

TIZI:—I don't like her one bit, and even although she pretends to be such a friend of my young lady, I know she's a mean, despicable thing, and believe that she is scheming to marry the Colonel.

DALLAS:—Colonel Delafield, you mean.

TIZI:—Yes, sir, and a grand thing for her it would be too. She's poor, he's rich, she's young, he's old, she's nobody, he is too—

DALLAS:—What! Nobody!

TIZI:—[Confused.] No, I mean yes, he's somebody, that's what I mean; but you are getting me all mixed up.

DALLAS:—Then why don't you warn Miss Lois against her pretended friend?

TIZI:—She wouldn't listen to a word; would snap my head off in a minute and my head is very comfortable where it is. [Working her head from side to side, complacently.]

DALLAS:—And a very pretty head it is, too; has anybody succeeded in turning it yet?

TIZI:—No one but myself, sir.

DALLAS:—Not even O'Malley?

TIZI:—No, sir, I am in love with only one person in the world.

DALLAS:—And that one is—?

TIZI:—Myself, sir. [Exit in haste as GRACE MORTIMER enters.]

Enter GRACE MORTIMER.

DALLAS:—Good morning, Miss Mortimer, I hope that I see you in perfect health?

GRACE:—[coldly.] What do you wish with me, Mr. Dallas.

DALLAS:—Still hostile, I see!

GRACE:—Call it by what name you will,

DALLAS:—Now see here, Miss Grace Mortimer, this antagonistic action on your part towards me has gone far enough; let us bury the hatchet, and if we *are* enemies, let us at least appear as seeming friends.

GRACE:—That can never be.

DALLAS:—*Never* is a long time, Miss Grace.

GRACE:—No longer than my feelings towards you are bitter; what do you wish? Why do you come here, day after day? What purpose have you in view?

DALLAS:—The same that you have.

GRACE:—That I have? [surprised.]

DALLAS:—Yes—marriage.

GRACE:—Marriage?

DALLAS:—Precisely. I hold the winning hand so can afford to play cards on the table—or in other words, I can afford to be open and above board with you, and you know why.

GRACE:—I know nothing, sir, of your motives.

DALLAS:—You know much more than you pretend. Now, Grace Mortimer, listen: You intend to marry Colonel Delafield—I intend to wed—his daughter!

GRACE :—Lois ?

DALLAS :—Yes, Miss Lois Delafield.

GRACE :—[indignantly.] You would not *dare*——!

DALLAS :—I dare anything.

GRACE :—But ——

DALLAS :—But—I am already married, you will say ; that makes no difference—here, for no one knows it but you, and you——

GRACE :—I will prevent it.

DALLAS :—You will not raise a finger or utter a word, Miss Mortimer.

GRACE :—Not speak out and disclose you for what you are ! Not save the best friend I have on earth from such a fate ? Stand idly by and see her become the wife of a man whom I know to be a ——

DALLAS :—Stop !!! Have you forgotten five years ago ? Have you forgotten what *I* remember ? Have you forgotten that I know where your father is now hiding under an assumed name ? Do you not remember that he now has a sentence hanging over him, and that I have but to open my lips and in a very few days he will be a pitiful sight as he steps on the gallows and——

GRACE :—Oh have mercy ! and for Heaven's sake, say no more. Have you no pity, no feeling ! are you the fiend incarnate, disguised in human form and exulting in your power to work evil ? Have you not caused enough of woe and suffering, and is your thirst for human misery not yet satiated, your appetite for crime not yet glutted ! Is there no pity in your heart, or do you know what a heart is ? But you have met one as desperate as yourself, Antonio Dallas, and I defy you, and dare you to do your worst ! From now to the bitter end it is war, war between us ! war to the death !

DALLAS :—See here, girl, if I have not the various qualities you mention. I also have not much of one other—patience, and what little I have, is fast leaving me, so moderate yourself and calm your anger, or as Me-phistopholes is my patron saint, I will send that man, your father, to the gallows. Do as I bid you, and I will furnish you with proofs of his innocence, proofs that I alone possess, and that I alone am aware of. Choose !

GRACE :—I have no other way left and must accept. What are these proofs,—if they exist ?

DALLAS :—That is not the question now. The question of the present is, will you swear to me not to reveal my secret so long as I respect yours, and in return I will be silent regarding you ?

GRACE :—I promise you never to mention the fact of your marriage so long as you do not betray my father.

DALLAS :—Then it is a compact and we will shake hands on it.

GRACE : We will dispense with that part of the ceremony.

DALLAS :—As you wish, my pretty mother-in-law to be, for I suppose that you will now marry the Colonel, knowing that your father's crime is a secret here and that I will not tell of it.

GRACE : It is on a par with your other actions that you should imagine that I would, with a lie in my heart, if not on my lips, share the name

and home of that noble man, Colonel Delafield.

DALLAS :—You are suddenly compunctious are you not? But never mind that—act as *you* wish, provided you *do* as *I* wish.

GRACE :—One proviso : Do not attempt anything further as long as Major Valiente is here—I believe that Lois is very fond of him, and he of her, and I will not allow them to be interrupted in their present dream of happiness—when he is gone, then it will be time enough to begin your scheming, which will end in—smoke, if I can bring it about. [aside.]

DALLAS :—That I agree to, for Valiente and I are excellent friends, and I do not wish him to know that his attentions to Miss Lois are distasteful to me. I like him too much for that.

GRACE :—Say, rather, that you fear him too much !

DALLAS :—Have it as you wish—I am determined not to quarrel any more. [bell rings outside.] But here are more visitors, will you not be seated and *appear* to be friends?

GRACE :—It will be only in appearance that we can ever be friends, Antonio Dallas. [Take seats on the sofa.]

Enter O'MALLEY.

O'M :—[Entering in haste, starts at sight of the two on sofa, covers his face with his hand] Yes, Miss Lois, they is after being here on the sofa as kittenish as two Turkey Doves. Come easy, Miss Lois, and see this beautiful tableau.

Enter LOIS.

LOIS : [turning reprovingly to O'M.] O'Malley is it Miss Mortimer and Mr. Dallas that you are making fun of?

O'M :—Fun is it I'm making, Miss Lois? Snre but it's themselves that is having the fun.

LOIS : O'Malley, my father has utterly spoiled you. Go, sir, and hold the horses for Captain Valiente, that he may not have to await the coachman's coming. [exit O'M.] Well Grace, *ma chere*, you and Mr. Dallas, are indeed deeply interested in each other that you do not observe my presence [Grace and Dallas rising quickly and approaching.]

DALLAS :—Ah, Miss Delafield, a thousand pardons, but we were talking over old times upon the Rio Grande.

LOIS :—They were pleasant reminiscences, I am sure, Mr. Dallas, to judge from the color in Grace's face.

GRACE :—One would think, Lois, from your happy look and flushed face that Captain Valiente had breathed sweet words into your willing ears during your drive—did he?

Enter VALIENTE

LOIS :—[turning as Valiente enters,] Captain Valiente is here, ask him, Grace.

VALIENTE :—What is it that Miss Grace would ask me?

DALLAS :—Ah, Miss Grace, you fall back under fire ! then as your substitute, allow me to make the inquiry : The question, Valiente, is, whether you made love to Miss Delafield during your drive this afternoon.

VALIENTE :— [Stepping across and grasping Lois by the hand, while turning to Dallas,] Senor Dallas, as bluntly as you ask the question, so frankly will I answer, that not only did I proffer my love to Miss Dela-

field, but from her received the sweet assurance that I had won her heart and, already having her father's consent, I hope before long she will become my bride.

Enter O'MALLEY and TIZI. [O'M has letters and official documents in one hand and newspaper in the other,] Miss Lois! Miss Lois! where's the Colonel?

Lois:—Why, what's the matter O'Malley.

O'M:—Matter? Look at that and look at these—matter enough, Miss Lois, sure its war that's the matter.!

Lois:—Oh, O'Malley, what *do* you mean—war, and with whom?

O'M:—With who is it, Miss Lois? Divil I care so long as its war.

Enter COLONEL DELAFIELD.

COL D:—O'Malley, I heard your sweet voice before I entered the house, and there will be war right here if you do not get out—give me my mail sir—Ah, Dallas, glad to see you—Valiente you are ever welcome—what, Tizi here too? Is this a reception, Lois?

Lois:—It would seem so, father, but Captain Valiente and I returned from our drive in the Park, to find Mr. Dallas and Grace enjoying a *tete-a-tete*, and your wild Irishman has just rushed in with more startling news about war, and has frightened Tizi half out of her wits.

COL. D:—[To O'M.] What is this nonsense, sir?

O'M:—Nonsense is it? Just be after looking at that paper in your hand, Colonel.

COL. D:—[Reads excitedly.] Ha! War has been declared between the United States and Mexico.

Lois:—No! no! no! It cannot be true, father, it cannot be true.

Val:—Senor Colonel, those official looking papers may give you the truth.

COL. D:—[After glancing hastily over papers] Information has just been received of the crossing of the Rio Grande by General Taylor, and I am ordered to report for duty at once.

VAL:—Then war has surely been declared between your country, Lois, and mine.

COL. D:—Yes, war has been declared, and my country demands my services at once.

Val:—And *my* country calls *me*!

Lois:—*Leon*!

GRACE:—You do not mean Captain—

DALLAS:—Why, Valiente, you do not intend that any sentimental notion of duty will induce you to return to Mexico and take up arms against the land of your lady love? [sneeringly.]

VAL:—Senor Dallas would you have me a craven in this land, when my sword is needed in my own?

Lois:—No, no, Leon, do not leave me.

VAL:—What, Lois, a soldier's daughter thus urge a soldier. With duty on one hand, and love on the other, which should I obey?

Lois:—*Duty* Leon, though hearts should break.

VAL:—A brave answer from a brave woman, Lois.

COL. D:—And the answer I expected from my daughter's lips ; but Valiente, when do you go ?

VAL:—At once, Senor Colonel. Although but an hour ago your daughter made me happy with the promise to become my wife,—I must now turn from this Paradise of love, to plunge into that Inferno of war.

LOIS:—And duty done, Leon, you will return ?

VAL:—If Heaven spares my life ! And now farewell, perhaps a last farewell.

LOIS:—Leon ! Leon ! [starts towards him, falls fainting in Colonel's arms—Val. starts back, hesitates and turns away with emotion.]

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

Eighteen months have elapsed since act I. Scene I. A forest set in 2. Curtain rises upon Verdine standing on stage, her hands clasped upon her forehead.

VERDINE:—[After standing a moment dejectedly, draws a dagger from her bosom, holds it out at arm's length, gazing lovingly at it.] You are a friend that will not fail me when all others fail. Cold, cruel, glittering steel that you are, you can be no colder, crueler than the heart of Antonio Dallas, the man who once won my love, but now holds my undying hate. He sought my heart in the bygone. You, bright blade, shall seek his, and if not his, my own—ha! he comes; I will hide behind yonder tree. [Exit L.]

[Enter DALLAS, unfolding and reading paper.]

DALLAS:—Well, I have here the plan of Camp Polk, which my faithful spy has brought me—my trusty Gomez has done his work well, and now nothing remains but to make the attack and carry off the fair Lois. A lucky thing for me that Col. Delafield decided to occupy the hacienda as his headquarters—it simplifies matters very decidedly. He has but a few soldiers with him and the camp is a mile away at least. He little thinks that where all is apparent security in this sunny land of Mexico, there is the most danger to be feared.

Enter VERDINE.

[Verdine quietly approaches Dallas and taps him on the shoulder.]

DALLAS:—[Leaping back and laying his hand on his sword.] Ha! whom have we here? You!

VERDINE:—Yes, Senor Antonio, it is I.

DALLAS:—Where, in the name of all the fiends, did you spring from—I hoped you were dead.

VERDINE:—No doubt—but you see that, on the contrary, I am very much alive.

DALLAS:—What are you doing here?

VERDINE:—It is a wife's duty to be at her husband's side. [with sarcasm.]

DALLAS:—Hush! [seizing her wrist and leading her down the stage,] Do not use that word again, or—

VERDINE:—No doubt you would be very much pleased to appear in the role of a disconsolate widower—but I object to enacting the part of the murdered wife.

DALLAS:—Have a care woman! Once before I have warned you, and now I threaten,—let our paths cross again, and it will be fatal to you!

VERDINE:—And, Antonio Dallas, I threaten you! Do not let your path cross mine, or you will rue the day when we first met. The bended twig often breaks, and there is a limit to my patience. I have always been pliant—but beware of a woman's vengeance, for in the great hereafter you

will meet no fury equal to mine if you continue to scorn me!

DALLAS:—Pshaw, girl, you weary me.

VERDINE:—Have a care that you do not weary *me* beyond all endurance.

DALLAS:—Enough! you know my record; scan it closely and see if you can find an instance where I have been anything but merciless, and be warned in time!

VERDINE:—And you--do you not sometimes think of what the future may have in store for you! See! to me is given the power to read the stars and to show forth destinies from the lines that cross and re-cross the human palm. I have read your blood-stained hand; would you know what it says?

DALLAS:—A fig for your mummeries and gypsy craft. I was a fool to marry a gypsy, to ally myself to such a race, even though I wedded its Queen. Leave this neighborhood within the hour or (coolly) take the consequences. [aside as he walks off,] That wife of mine must be gotten rid of.

Exit DALLAS.

VERDINE:—I will *not* leave within the hour and I *will* brave the consequences. Now to learn what project he has on foot, and, if possible to unmask him, for I shall save some poor unfortunate from suffering.

Exit VERDINE.

ACT II, Scene 2d. Draw off to deep stage; Woodland set, with Tropical Drop. Scene of Mexican Guerrilla camp, saddles and bridles hung on trees, four Mexicans playing cards on a *serape*, one braiding lariat, another polishing spurs, and others standing about smoking *cigarillos*.

Drum heard in distance, enter *Vivandieres*, one with snare drum, four others with trays, canteens and cups containing *tortillas* and *aguardiente*.

[Vivandieres chanting,] Tortillas! Aguardiente! Come one, come all, come buy! [Guerillas crowd around girls and buy.]

Enter DALLAS.

DALLAS.—Here I am ready to strike my blow, and I have orders to await the coming of Major Valiente, who will give me later instructions regarding my raid.

But mine is the triumph now, and when I have her father my prisoner, the beautiful Lois will consent to become my bride, even though I am a Mexican guerilla.

Valiente has a great deal of power, but not enough to prevent me from carrying out my present project to capture the fair Lois—ha! there comes an old hag of a Gypsy Fortune Teller. [Enter VERDINE disguised as an old Fortune Teller.]

VERDINE:—Will you not cross my hand with gold, senor, and learn of your future?

DALLAS:—[with anger] Begone woman! and do not annoy me. I have other things to think of than your silly juggling.

VERDINE:—Juggling you call the art of one who reads lives by the stars?

DALLAS:—What can you tell me that I am not already familiar with?

VERDINE:—Much that is of importance to you.

DALLAS:—Then take this and read my palm.

VERDINE:—[In a high, chanting voice] I see a fair girl of another land who loves one who is not of her race. I see a dark man who would win that girl—their paths separate and meet again—here. The girl is threatened with danger, but her lover saves her.

DALLAS:—And is this man who would win the girl, myself?

VERDINE:—The line of your life ends abruptly after your next meeting with the fair girl—*you die!*

DALLAS:—Fool that I am to listen to such old woman's talk—begone! I say again! and know that Antonio Dallas rules his own destiny and that it is not written in the lines of his hand. But yonder comes one who will put faith in you; accost him and see what fate has in store for him. He is a fool—and fools believe they are ordered by fate—wise men make fate subordinate to themselves. [Dallas points to Valiente.]

Enter VALIENTE.

DALLAS:—Good afternoon, Major, I expected you here earlier, as I heard that you had later orders for me.

VAL:—Having heard that you intended attacking the Americans, I rode over to see whether it is true or not, but I have no orders from Headquarters, but personally ask you not to strike the exposed camp of Colonel Delafield, for I hear that his daughter is with him.

DALLAS:—Major Valiente, you have won fame and rank during our war against these accused *Gringos*, and stand high with General Santa Anna and the Government; but I am a Guerilla Chief, who is called upon when needed for underhand work, and cast aside when the honors are distributed.

So I act for myself, Major Valiente, and I tell you now that I go on this raid for the avowed purpose of striking the headquarters of Colonel Delafield, making him my prisoner and having him shot unless his daughter becomes my wife.

VAL:—By the Eagle of the Aztecs! but you have at last torn off the mask I have long suspected you of wearing, Antonio Dallas, and knowing your fiendish plot, it is now war to the knife between us.

DALLAS:—When I was in the United States, claiming to be a Texas Ranchero, as you will remember, I heard the motto often repeated that all is fair in love and war. Now I love Lois Delafield, for her money as much as for herself, and, as her father has deliberately taken up his quarters in a *hacienda* a mile from his regimental camp as though inviting attack, I shall make my raid as I said, and his daughter shall be my wife.

VAL:—Dog of a Mexican! do you dare speak thus of the woman who is my promised bride? Draw and defend your coward heart.

[Both draw and cross swords. Verdine springs forward with her staff and strikes up blades. Short Tableau. Mexicans draw weapons and cluster around.]

VERDINE:—Hold, señor! would an honored son of the Montezumas stain his steel with the blood of a Mexican Guerilla? Leave that man to the hangman!

VAL:—By the Sun God of Mexico, Gypsey, you are right. I will not cross blades with one so low, but defeat his vile plot in another way.

DALLAS:—[To his men] Back, men! do I need aid where but one man confronts me. To your saddles and strike the trail of your *Gringo* foes. [Exit Mexicans.]

VAL:—Stay, Dallas! you will not dare carry out your fiendish threat.

DALLAS:—Ha! ha! ha! Major Valiente, within the hour I shall be on my way to the *hacienda*, where Colonel Delafield has his quarters, and in this game you will find that I hold the trump cards.

VAL:—You shall not carry out your threat, if I have to enter the American lines in disguise to warn them.

DALLAS:—That you dare not do, for if discovered, as you certainly will be, your fate will be that of a spy. *Adios*, Major Valiente, the Pet of the Lancers, I will present your regards to the fair Lois. [Exit with a sneer as Val. steps forward, his sword again half drawn.]

VAL:—No! no! let him go, for I go too, be the consequences what they may. [Turns to leave stage, when Verdine slips up behind him, touching him with wand.]

VERDINE:—Stay, *senor*.

VAL:—Here, my good woman, is gold for you.

VERDINE:—I want not your gold, *senor*; but as one who reads signs in the flying clouds by day, and the stars by night, I warn you not to go, but to permit me to take your place.

VAL:—What! do you mean that a man shall shrink from what a woman dare face? You do not know Leon Valiente, my good Gypsy.

VERDINE:—*Senor*, it is broad daylight, and the star of your destiny is not visible; yet I read so clearly in yonder flying clouds the fate that awaits you if you dare invade the American lines, that I beseech you, aye, by your hope of Heaven, not to venture.

VAL:—Gypsy Queen, your forebodings of evil really impress me. Take this golden onza and tell me what you can of the fate in store for me.

VERDINE:—Take back your gold, *senor*, for I touch it not—[Touching his hand]—I see a meeting and a parting—a prisoner—an execution—ah! *senor*! the dust of a grave fills my eyes and I can see no more. Do not tempt fate after Pachucha, the Gypsy Queen, has warned you. Beware! Beware! [Verdine throws her mantle over her head and runs from the scene, her hand waving wand in warning.]

VAL:—Am I to heed the superstitious warnings of a wandering sybil? In this case Love and Duty both plead with my manhood, and I will face any danger to save Lois Delafield. I swear it—[Drops on one knee and raises left hand grasping sword by blade.]—Aye, I swear it by the ashes of the Aztecs, by my sword, by this cross, I swear to save her or die in the endeavor.

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

Scene 1st. A woodland set in 2. Not same as in Scene 1st, Act II.

O'M.:—Here I am all by myself alone. I like solitude away from the serimmages of camp life, when I can ponder on my thoughts and the sins of other people. Why I came here was because. That's the reason. Now for a game of *solitaire* with O'Malley O'Gorman O'Toole, and I'll beat you, ye spalpeen of the old sod. Well, [examines pack of cards] some of the leaves of this Mexican Testament is missing, so I cannot play with you, General O'Toole. General! oh the darling! As I cannot play cards, I will meditate. Bad luck to this land of Greasers and other reptiles! Hoo! there comes Tizi, and, as I was after hearing her make a rendez-vous—that's Italian—with Sergeant Mahone, bad luck to him, I'll not disturb the meeting by letting them see me. Ah! I'll play monkey and climb a tree.

Exit O'MALLEY.

Enter TIZI.

TIZI:—I was afraid I could not get away from the *lucienula*, and I'd miss my fun, and one needs all the diversion that can be gotten out of this land of Greasers [with Irish accent] as O'Malley would say. I do wish Miss Lois could be an eye witness of the fun in store for me: but I dont wish that O'Malley should know it. There's the trouble of a girl having three strings to her bow, or rather three beaux to her string: I have to skirmish around so to keep all three in a good humor for Sergeant Mahone [Irish accent on name] is jealous of Corporal Fritz Otto [German accent on name] and the Corporal is jealous of O'Malley, and O'Malley is jealous of everybody—oh! there comes Sergeant Mahone; now to put on the face of a Deacon when passing around the hat. [Smooths her face and looks serious.]

Enter MAHONE.

MAHONE:—[Bowing low several times] The tip top of the morning to you, Miss Tizi and the same to myself.

TIZI:—I hope you are well to-day, Sergeant Mahone?

MAHONE:—Well, is it, Miss Tizi. Well I'm after being as wholesome as a man soldiering in this country and in love with your sweet self can well be, my darling.

TIZI:—Shall I prescribe for you, Sergeant Mahone?

MAHONE:—If it would so please your sweet self, Miss Tizi.

TIZI:—Get married.

MAHONE:—Faith! it was just to do that same that I made this appointment, my darling, and as there is no time like yesterday, and I may be shot the day before. I'll now propose my propositions to you, swatest flower that blooms on the waters of Killarney. [Drops on his knees and seizes her hand. O'M. in tree shaking fist, etc.] My Darling—

TIZI:—Quick! Sergeant Mahone; there comes some one.

MAHONE:—I'll murder him.

TIZI:—No, hide yonder until he passes. [Sergeant hastily hides.] It is Corporal Otto. [Enter Corporal marching, gun at a right shoulder.] Halt who comes there?

OTTO:—A friend.

TIZI:—Advance friend and give the countersign!

OTTO:—[Shouting out] Love and Tizi!

TIZI:—Countersign correct. Pass on.

OTTO:—Forward March! Halt! Order arms! Stack arms! About face! Forward march! Halt!

TIZI:—Present arms!

OTTO:—[Presenting his arms] Fall in!

TIZI:—[starting back and with dignity] The temptation is great, *Corporal* Otto, but the Tempter is not up to my standard of a lover.

OTTO:—Oh, Tizi, what a loafer I would make if you vas let me be your husbands all the times. [Dropping on knees] Tizi, the loveliest flower of the Fatherland was—

Enter MAHONE.

MAHONE:—[hastily, dropping upon his knees and seizing Tizi's right hand] Tizi, I was after being just that far when old Sauer Kraut comes along, so I says my love first.

OTTO:—I was tell my love first, Tizi, and not old Irish Potato.

TIZI:—[quickly] See, gentlemen, is not that Mr. O'Malley coming? [Both spring to their feet and look in opposite directions, while Tizi laughs.]

MAHONE:—Where is that red-headed prevaricator?

OTTO:—Where was that Irish Monkey? Let me get my guns! [gets his gun, and O'Malley falls out of tree and scrambles off. Tizi screams and runs, Mahone follows, Otto seizes gun and comes to a carry arms.]

OTTO:—Vell, I was scare them dead. I was go too. Right face! Forward march!

Exit OTTO

[Enter VALIENTE in disguise.]

VAL.:—Well, yonder is the *hacienda* where Colonel Delafield has his quarters. Now to communicate in some way with Lois; but I must be cautious, for with this cloak and hat on and in the enemy's lines, my neck is in the noose—ha! there comes some one—The Fates favor me, for it is the faithful O'Malley, and he will not betray me. [Seeks shelter]

Enter O'MALLEY.

O'M.:—Tizi is gone—oh! was that the crazy Dutchman.

VAL.:—Ho, O'Malley!

O'M.:—Yes, sir

VAL.:—[approaching] Do you not remember me, my old friend.

O'M.:—The saints be betwixt us and harm—it's Captain Valiente, or Major I mean, f'r they tell us you have been promoted. Lord save us sir, have you took us all prisoners? I surrender.

VAL.:—My good O'Malley, I am the one in danger, and but one person must know that I am here.

O'M.:—It's Miss Lois.

VAL:— Yes, and I wish you to ask her to come here for a moment. This may keep you from forgetting it. [Gives him a gold piece.]

O'M.:— I'm off to tell her, sir.

Exit O'MALLEY.

VAL:— [Discovers guard] Ha! there come soldiers this way, I must hide. [Shrinks back into shelter of tree, and squad crosses stage R. to L.]

Enter LOIS, VALIENTE approaches.

LOIS:— Oh Leon! you here?

VAL:— Yes, Lois, and for your sake, for I have come to warn you of a great danger that threatens.

LOIS:— But you do not know what danger you are running; every moment is perilous, and if you are captured— I shudder to think of the result.

VAL:— [Indifferently] It can not be very serious.

LOIS:— Serious! you do not know then that General Taylor has issued orders that all Mexicans captured in our lines shall be immediately executed?

VAL:— A severe and cruel order, Lois; but time is precious and I must tell you what brought me here. An impending danger threatens that I can not reveal— and can only say this—that more than your life is at stake. Promise me that you will not breathe about having seen me to any one, not even to your father, or why I came.

LOIS:— I give the pledge willingly, Leon.

VAL:— Then go your father and urge him to immediately remove from the *hacienda* he now occupies and to take up his quarters inside his regimental lines; more I can not say.

LOIS:— And I will ask you no more, but will do as you wish. And now can not I tell you of my father?

VAL:— He is well I hope.

LOIS:— Perfectly, and has command of a large troop. How many men do you suppose there are here now?

VAL:— I do not know and you must not tell me: valuable as such information would be, I cannot hear it in honor. And now, Lois, I must bid you farewell, Heaven watch over and guard you.

LOIS:— And over you, Leon, and soon, I trust, we will be reunited, for my father says that peace will be declared before very long.

VAL:— And when it is I will hasten to you and then will you give me the hand you promised me?

LOIS:— It is yours whenever you claim it. Farewell.

Exit LOIS and VALIENTE, R. and L. waving farewell.

Scene 2. Draw off to full stage. COLONEL DELAFIELD's Headquarters. Interior of a Mexican *Hacienda*. Table right, four or five wooden chairs, door left center. Guitar hanging on wall, papers, pen and ink on table.

COL. DELAFIELD alone.

COL. D.:— Heigh-ho! I believe that I am getting sentimental since I have been in this romantic country—everything is poetry and song and there is music in the very air. Much as I love the life of a soldier, I love peace better. Ah! my guitar hanging yonder invites me to a song. [Takes guitar from wall and sings: "A Warrior Bold."]

Enter GRACE, after first verse.

GRACE :—[coming to Col. D.'s side.] You sung that better than I ever heard you sing before.

COL. D.:—I am more in love than I ever was before, and it was because I was thinking of you.

GRACE:—Do I inspire you, then?

COL. D.:—Have I not told you so, over and over again, Grace?

GRACE:—Yes, but—

COL. D.:—And you know that my desire is to make your entire life one song of joy.

GRACE:—And I will be only too glad to have you as my instructor.

COL. D.:—Do you know this? [handing music.]

GRACE:—“Meet me by moonlight, alone”? I should, for I have met you so often by moonlight alone.

COL. D.:—Will you not try it with me?

Duet, COL. D. and GRACE.

COL. D.:—Grace, can I tell you the old, old story?

GRACE:—Should a poor, friendless, homeless girl like me listen to words of love from you, Colonel?

COL. D.:—You shall not be friendless, nor homeless, for my home is your home—but I hear some one coming, will you not go in search of Lois and tell her that I would like to see her?

GRACE:—[going] Certainly, sir, and will bring her to you.

Exit GRACE.

COL. D.:—Some secret grief is worrying the poor girl and I must endeavor to learn what it is.

[Enter CAPT. DUNN and LT. HERBERT.]

COL. D.:—Good morning, gentlemen.

CAPT. and LT. [saluting] Good morning, sir.

COL. D.:—Be seated, gentlemen. I desire your attention regarding recent information of the presence of a band of guerillas in the neighborhood from whom I received the information I am not at liberty to disclose.

CAPT. DUNN:—And you expect an attack?

COL. D.:—No, on the main body, they are not in sufficient force for that, I have learned.

HERBERT:—Then you fear that they may move on the *hacienda*?

COL. D.:—Precisely, and wish to make arrangements to give them a warm reception when they come.

DUNN:—What is their number?

COL. D.:—Oh, seventy-five or a hundred; perhaps more.

HERBERT:—I think we can handle them, sir!

COL. D.:—Yes, if we are prepared; you will detail a company from the regiment, Captain, to ambush themselves about here and await the attack.

DUNN:—Yes, sir.

Enter O'MALLEY, (excited.)

O'M.:—A prisoner, sir.

COL. D:—A prisoner?

O'M:—Yes sir; a spy, sir.

COL. D:—A spy! Bring him in.

O'M:—Caught in disguise, sir.

COL. D:—Bring him in.

O'M:—Captured by me, sir.

COL. D:—Bring him in, I say.

O'M:—After a terrific combat, sir.

DUNN:—You don't show many signs of the fight, O'Malley.

HERBERT:—Did you kill him?

O'M:—(ignoring these remarks) He'll have to be executed, sir.

COL. D:—Will you bring your prisoner in?

O'M:—Hung, sir?

COL. D:—I'll have you hanged if you don't obey.

O'M:—He'll be here in a jiffy, sir.

COL. D:—I thought you had him outside?

O'M:—I have, sir; that is Sergeant Mahone and Corporal Otto are bringing him along with a file of soldiers.

DUNN:—So that is the way you had a hand to hand combat—in your imagination.

O'M:—And ain't that the best place to have one, sir?

COL. D:—Well, you irrepressible Irishman, go and order Sergeant Mahone to bring his prisoner here.

O'M:—They are coming now, sir.

Enter MAHONE, OTTO and seven soldiers, with VALIENTE, prisoner.

COL. D:—[Springing to his feet] Major Valiente! Heaven have mercy upon you!

O'M:—It's the Captain! ochone! ochone!

DUNN:—(to Col. D.) You know the man, sir?

COL. D:—Very well; but you said he was a spy, O'Malley, while I see that he is in his uniform.

MAHONE:—But he was wearing these when we captured him inside our lines. (shows cap, cape and leggins.)

COL. D:—Inside our lines and in disguise? Major Valiente, what have you to say for yourself?

VAL:—Nothing, Col. Delafield.

COL. D:—But surely you can explain?

VAL:—I can explain nothing, sir.

COL. D:—You know what the fate of a spy is?

VAL:—I know, and am ready to face the consequences of my act.

O'M:—You'll be hung to-day! mavourneen! and tried to-morrow.

VAL:—Colonel Delafield, as an officer and a gentleman, I ask you to at least allow me to die a soldier's death, if die I must.

COL. D:—We will be compelled to sentence you by drum-head court-martial, Major Valiente, and it will be the saddest act of my life to order the execution that must follow.

O'M:—Ochone! Ochone!

COL. D:—Silence, O'Malley, or I will place you under arrest! Then

Major Valiente,—for I have learned of your deserved promotion for gallant conduct—you have no excuse to offer?

VAL:—None at all, sir.

COL. D:—Then remove him to the guard-house.

O'M:—Yes, sir.

Enter LOIS and GRACE.

LOIS:—(Not seeing Valiente) Father I have come to ask you if you will not— Oh Leon? Leon! Leon; you a prisoner, and to my father?

O'M:—[sadly.] He is a spy, Miss Lois! and he will be shot.

LOIS:—Shot! Father you will not permit this?

COL. D:—Alas, my poor child, he has been taken as a spy, and must meet a spy's fate, for my hands are bound and I can do nothing to save him.

LOIS:—But he is no spy! Leon, speak and clear yourself of this accusation!

GRACE:—Surely, Captain Valiente, you can offer some excuse.

O'M:—Major, Miss Grace; the Captain's a Major.

VALIENTE:—I can say nothing, Lois, nothing. Miss Mortimer, I can but submit.

LOIS:—But, father, I know that he is not what he appears; he came here to—

VAL:—Lois! Remember, you are not at liberty to speak.

LOIS:—My lips are sealed, father; but I swear to you that he is no spy.

GRACE:—Colonel Delafield, you will not judge him so harshly.

COL. D:—I can do nothing; the rules of war are that an enemy entering a camp in disguise is to be treated as a spy, and hanged; but in view of his being a gallant officer I will assume the responsibility and allow him to die a soldier's death.

LOIS:—Leon, speak; for you are innocent.

VAL:—Lois, I can say nothing that would serve me; I took my life in my hands, and must meet the consequences.

LOIS:—No! no! no! you shall not die like a dog, when I know you are not guilty, for I will save you.

COL. D:—My child, what do you mean? Grace, depart please, and take Lois with you, that this painful scene may end.

LOIS:—I will go from here, yes; but it will be to save you, Leon. O'Malley, my horse; quick! Captain Dunn, detail a squad of men as my escort.

COL. D:—But where would you go, Lois?

LOIS:—To the commander-in-chief.

CAPTAIN DUNN:—Permit me to bear your message to the General, Miss Lois, for it is a long and dangerous ride.

LOIS:—No, sir! I go myself to save him.

CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

Curtain rises on deep stage. Scene of American camp. Sentinels R. and L. on duty posts, and sentinels pacing R. and L.; back before drop of camp-ground.

Enter O'MALLEY. [To sentinel R.]

Good morning Mr. Sentinel. Bad luck to you this evening. Are you after having any news? Is it dumb and deaf ye are, that ye can't spake to a dacint gentleman from Erin go Bragh? [Makes a motion to hit sentinel and walks across to sentinel L.] Good morning this evening to you, Mr. Sentinel. Bedad, he's the twin brother of the other Heathen over there. Would ye be after having a wee drop of Mexican bitters? [Holds out bottle. Sentinel smiles and stretches forth his hand.]

SENTINEL:—Yes.

O'M.:—I'm deaf and dumb myself now, ye spalpeen. [Walks to rear of stage to third sentinel.] I'm delighted to meet you, Mr. Walk-about. Is it the news you can be after giving me this evening? Begorra, he belongs to the same asylum as the other ones. I'll draw my resolver upon him and see if it will make him stand still. [Draws and levels bottle. Sentinel brings gun to a charge bayonet, and O'MALLEY flies in terror to nearly run over Tizi, who enters Ist L. E. crying.]

TIZI:—Oh, O'Malley!

O'M.:—Oh, Tizi!

TIZI:—Have you heard whether Miss Lois has reached General Scott's headquarters or not?

O'M.:—Not a syllabub; but Miss Lois is after riding her horse to death to bring back the news.

TIZI:—But it is nearly the hour for the execution, and——

O'M.:—Scoot, Tizi scoot, there come the relief guard, and the soldiers don't like me.

Exit O'MALLEY, dragging Tizi after him.

Enter Relief guard R. 3 E, march to L. Sentinel and relieve guard. March across stage and relieve R. sentinel, march to rear of stage and take third sentinel with them. Exit L. R. Entrance.

Enter COL. DELAFIELD and GRACE.

GRACE:—Oh Colonel, for my sake, for the sake of your daughter, and for the sake of poor Valiente, can you not put this execution off until tomorrow at sunset, when Lois will have certainly returned from her desperate ride to plead with General Scott?

COL. D.:—Grace, I feel confident that nothing could be done to save poor Valiente, and I cannot longer postpone the time of his execution. It is a fearful position for me to be placed in, for that man once saved my life as you know and I am confident that he came not into our lines as a spy; but military law is merciless and he must suffer. Hark! [Bugle call off stage] the bugle is sounding for parade, and afterwards, alas!

follows the execution. Will you remain and witness the parade, for here come my staff?

GRACE:—I will remain near to watch for the coming of Lois.

[Band heard in distance, and enter company, passing for parade. After parade, company marches off.]

Enter VERDINE, glancing about her.

VERDINE:—Ring out bugles, roll merrily drums, for soon your notes must change into a dirge. I warned him but he heeded not my warning, and I have come to see how well my turns out, for, having warned the American Chief of the coming of one whom I hate, I must be near to witness his downfall. Ha! ha! ha! I am here, and ere long I will have my revenge.

Enter COL. D.

COL. D.:—Ho, my good woman, what do you here in an American camp, when you looks show you to be a Mexican?

VERDINE:—I am a Gypsy Queen, Senor Chief, one of a wandering, despised race, and I am here to watch the turn of a card I have played against one whom I hate.

COL. D.:—Your words are ambiguous, good woman, and I do not understand them.

VERDINE:—It was I that sent you the secret warning that a raid by a Guerilla Chief, was to be made upon your head quarters.

COL. D.:—Ah! I received your communication, and have prepared accordingly, for I never disregard a warning. If your words prove true, you shall not be forgotten.

VERDINE:—Senor Chief, I acted not for gold, I will take no reward, for revenge will be my recompense—hark! [Roll of drums in distance] That

COL. D.:—It is the coming of the executive guard with their prisoner—walk one side, please, my good woman. [VERDINE exits slowly, as GRACE, O'MALLEY and TIZI enter and join COL. D.] Why, Grace, do you mean to be a witness of this sad scene?

GRACE:—Colonel Delafield, were Major Valiente upon his death bed, I would not desert him, so why do so now, when it may cheer his brave heart to feel that he has friends near and I hope against hope that Lois may save him.

O'M.:—A courier is coming, sir! see him! see him!

COL. D.:—Silence, O'Malley! [Courier enters hastily] Well, Courier, what news bring you! [Courier takes papers from satchel and hands them to Colonel, who stamps foot impatiently.] This news is not about poor Valiente, as I hoped that it was.

COURIER:—No, Colonel, but I met your daughter within one mile of General Scott's camp, riding like the wind, having distanced all of her escort.

COL. D.:—Brave girl!

GRACE:—Noble Lois.

O'MALLEY and TIZI cheer.

COL. D.:—[excitedly] When was this my brave fellow?

COURIER:—At dawn this morning, sir, and she bade me tell you that she

would mount a fresh horse and return at once.

COL. D.:—Heaven grant that she has strength to stand the fearful strain. [Dead march off stage in distance.] Alas! she will come too late.

Enter guard with VALIENTE, whose arms are tied behind his back; Sergeant MAHONE and Corporal ORTO with guard, followed by band playing dead march and company with reversed arms. Company forms in double rank at back of stage, guard filing to left and placing VALIENTE at left of stage, and then wheeling back into position at right, band playing through the dirge.

COL. D.:—Major Valiente, now that the supreme moment has arrived, is there aught that you would say?

VALIENTE:—Yes, Colonel Delafield, I would have you witness that I die as a brave man should, and beg that you will order my hands free from these bonds.

COL. D.:—Gladly do I grant your request. Aye, and more, you shall die sword in hand. Sergeant, free Major Valiente of his bonds and hand to him his sword. [Sergeant obeys, taking sword from a soldier.]

COL. D.:—[looking at his watch and turning to Capt. DUNN] Capt. DUNN, the hour of execution has come. Do your duty, and do it quickly and well.

CAPT. DUNN:—Sergeant Mahone, half-mast the flag. [Sergeant lowers flag to half-mast.] Attention platoon! [necessary orders follows.] Ready! Aim!

[A shriek off stage. enter Lois, her hands stretched forth, having official paper in her hand, riding whip in other. Rushes in front of platoon, striking up guns.]

LOIS:—Hold! That man is to be treated as a prisoner of war, for General Scott so orders!

CAPT. DUNN:—Recover, arms!

VALIENTE:—[springing forward] You have saved me! [Lois, half fainting, falls into Valiente's arms.]

COL. D.:—[springing forward] My brave, my noble girl! Ha! what is this? [guard enters with Dallas, wounded.]

MAHONE:—Col. Delafield, this man is Captain Antonio, the Guerilla Chief.

DALLAS:—It is false! You know me, Col. Delafield, as an American citizen.

COL. D.:—I so believed you, sir.

GRACE:—Col. Delafield, that man I know to be a Mexican.

DALLAS:—Your word will go for naught, Grace Mortimer, daughter of of a convicted murderer, now a fugitive from justice.

VERDINE:—But *my word* will stand, Antonio Lopez, and I denounce you as the murderer of the man for whom that girl's father was tried and condemned

GRACE:—Heaven, I thank thee!

DALLAS:—Witch of Hades, in Satan's name, who are you?

VERDINE:—[throwing off wig and cloak.] *Your wife!*

DALLAS:—[starting back.] Ha! Verdine, you here to condemn me?

VERDINE, —Colonel Delafield, that man plotted to carry your daughter off to make her his wife, while I, his real wife, yet live, and it was to save her that I entered your lines in disguise, and not as a spy.

COL. D.:—Enough! Captain Dunn, order that man off, and to-morrow at sun-set he dies.

[Enter COURIER. Colonel reads hastily—as soldiers march off with Dallas.] Bravo! for a Treaty of Peace has been signed and the war is ended.

CHEERS.

LOIS:—Leon, you are free!

COL. D.:—No, not free, for having nobly done your duty as a soldier, Love now claims you.

Band plays Star Spangled Banner.

CURTAIN.

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